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"TWO TO ONE!"

The SUNDAY WORLD's Record for the Last
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THE SUNDAY WORLD has DOUBLE the CIRCULATION of any other Sunday newspaper in Europe or America, and the Circulation Books and Newsletters Orders are "OPEN TO ALL."

ANOTHER NEW NOVELLETTE

BY
GEORGE R. SIMS

(Author of the Lights of London, etc.)
will begin in THE EVENING WORLD to-morrow.
It is entitled "A Missing Husband," and will
be complete in five chapters, one chapter being
given each day.

The remarkable popularity of Mr. Sims's
unique story, "Scaraphim Soap," printed in
THE EVENING WORLD last week, will insure a
wide reading for this latest effort of that favorite
author.

"A Missing Husband" will be found one of
the most entertaining productions of the author's
pen. It will be graphically illustrated.

THOSE CHRISTMAS STOCKINGS.

What Some of Our Correspondents Would
Like to Find in Them.

It Does Not Require a Large Stocking.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

My stocking is hardly large enough to contain
what I desire. You see, I am not a Chicago
girl, and my pedal extremities are limited.
But I have told my father that a check
for \$100 will cover everything, and that can
be comfortably stowed away in even a baby's
stocking.

ELIZABETH R.

Shakespeare in a Sock.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I wonder if there are any editions of
Shakespeare adapted to the ordinary Christmas
stocking? If there are I want one of them.
If there are not—well, I suppose I must
be satisfied with a larger edition. Shakespeare's
works, in my opinion, can be safely carried
safely by everybody, and that can be
comfortably stowed away in even a baby's
stocking.

ARTHUR.

A Sensible Talking Doll Wanted.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I want one of the dolls that will talk.
I have hinted this to my father. Perhaps my
stocking isn't large enough, but I don't mind
seeing it lying by my bed. That will do as
well. I always read THE EVENING WORLD,
and if I get a talking doll I'm going to make
it talk. THE EVENING WORLD's my best
paper. I hope to get it.

ROSIE.

Of Course She'll Get It.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Jack said he would give me whatever I
asked for if I could get it into my stocking.
I was angry with him for talking of such
things, but I am sure he meant well. I think
I shall take him at his word and ask for a
ticket to a certain series of concerts. That
will go in my stocking.

NELLIE.

Mabel's Christmas Vision.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Mamma has just told me about your Christmas
stocking discussion. If you will tell Santa
Claus to put a new speaking doll, a bangle
bracelet, a set of dishes, lots of candy, some
nice picture books and a sled in my stocking,
so that I may find them when I wake up
Christmas morning, I will consider you my
lovely old gentleman.

MABEL.

He Wants Blizzard-Proof Socks.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Please tell Father Santa Claus to send
me a dozen pair of blizzard-proof socks. I
am a poor young fellow without a home, and
I don't know how to darn and am hard on
hose you will oblige me by filling my order.
G. R. Harlow.

An Excited Chicago Man's Wish.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Noticing your unique proposal to discuss
Christmas presents via Christmas stockings I
will say that I am a young married man far
away from home at present. If you want to
do me an everlasting favor on our next holiday
I would like to have you fill a stranger's
stocking with his wife and two little ones, a
dear little boy and girl whom I have out in
Chicago.

B. Brooklyn.

It Would Satisfy Him.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

A year's subscription to THE EVENING
WORLD is good enough for me. Shall expect
to find it in my stockings next Xmas.

JEREMY CITY.

A Variety of Wishes.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I will tell you what I wish I could find
in my stocking. A nice cashmere cloak and cap
for my sweet five-months-old baby; a pretty
dark blue Newmarket for myself; \$75 to enable
me to take our furniture out of storage and go
to housekeeping; a rocking horse for my dear
little three-year-old, and a nice blue smoking
jacket for my hubby.

MATRON.

My Husband and Myself.

My husband and I, one bottle of your
EYE-DROPS at once. It is very much. It cured both my
husband and myself. I cannot praise it as I should
like to. I cannot praise it as I should like to.

ALICE DODGSON.

100 DROPS ONE DOLLAR

100 DROPS ONE DOLLAR

100 DROPS ONE DOLLAR

100 DROPS ONE DOLLAR

THEY'LL MAKE WAR

Jewellers Preparing to Fight Out
the Pawnbrokers.

They're Tired of Paying the
Loans on Stolen Jewels.

A \$12,000 Memorandum Sale Which
Started a Trade Commotion.

Between the "memorandum sale" system
of credit in the jewelry and diamond
district and the always open pawn-
brokers' shops, where thieves, dishonest
brokers and knavish customers find a ready
market for their ill-gotten gains, the men
whose fortunes are engaged in the jewelry
business and the diamond trade are in much
trouble.

There is at present an effort being made
among the jewellers to combine in self-
defense.

The recent operations of Emanuel Sond-
heim and Seigfried Sittner, whereby a dozen
firms lost upward of \$20,000 worth of valu-
ables, has aroused the dealers to anger.

Sondheim and Sittner are mere boys,
almost heedless. They were employed as
clerks till they had learned the ways of the
"lane," and then they set out on their own
hook.

Young Sittner had been employed by
Heinrich, the maker of chronometers at 14
John street up to last June. Then he began
a trade for himself, the memorandum system
affording him ample opportunity to do busi-
ness on a large scale.

The Jewellers' Board of Trade and the New
York Jewellers' Association are alert in the
interests of the trade, and their books, open
for consultation to members, contain de-
scriptions of each dealer, large or small. On
the books of the latter Sittner was registered
as "without capital; without property. The
only thing to be said in his favor is that he
is honest."

Up to one day in September last he was
honest, apparently. Then he visited a num-
ber of dealers in jewelry and diamonds, and
on one or another pretext obtained possession
of over \$12,000 worth of goods "on memo-
randum."

The conditions attached to such a deal as
this are that the goods are sent for examina-
tion only and are to be returned on demand.
Sittner, however, did not return the goods.
In this case, and the jeweller had the young
man arrested. He had pawn tickets for the
goods on his person and the goods were all
found in his home. The pawn tickets were
delivered into the custody of Property Clerk Harriott
at Police Headquarters.

Sittner was arraigned before Recorder
Smyth, pleaded guilty to grand larceny and
was committed to the House of Correction.

When the jewellers would have claimed
and resumed possession of their property, they
found that the pawnbrokers had ob-
tained the goods and were selling them for
replevin for the goods, claiming them as
their own, and a City Marshal had taken pos-
session of a city.

Then it was discovered that a law which
had been intended for their protection in such
cases had been repealed silently in 1888.

This law provided that when any person
should make oath before a justice that his
property had been stolen or embezzled, and
that he believed it to be pledged to a pawn-
broker, a search warrant should be issued to
an officer and the property be found, it
should be brought into Court where the
owner might regain possession of it by ex-
ecuting a bond, penal in a sum equal to double
the value of the property claimed, to the
person from whose possession the goods were
seized.

It is probable now a meeting of jewellers
will be held shortly to appoint a committee
to draft a law covering the point.

Speaking of the situation, Simon Stern
said: "The facilities offered by the pawn-
shops to clerks, small dealers, thieves and
confidential agents for the disposal of stolen
jewels form a constant temptation to them to
be dishonest. The pawnbroker is always
safe. He receives a paper of loose diamonds
from a thief, or a mere boy, and who can
prove that he knows they were stolen? It is
true that dealers who are pressed for ready
money take their diamonds to the pawnshop.
But they get 75 per cent. of their value
on loan. The thief is a different trader. He
will take one-fourth—yes, one-tenth of the value
of the goods. The thing for us to do is to gather
evidence against the pawnbrokers, and I tell
you there are many more cases of the Sittner
variety of swindlers than ever come to the
ears of the public. The dealers would rather
pay the amount of the pawnbroker's loan and
his interest than fight."

Vice-President Alfred H. Smith, of the
Association, said: "I can't suggest a remedy,
except more vigilance on the part of the
jewellers, and more vigor on prosecuting re-
coverers as well as thieves."

E. A. Thrall, of 3 Maiden lane, said:
"There is no mistake in saying that we are
practically at the mercy of the pawnbrokers,
and I am in favor of taking a firm stand
against them. They know that they can
satisfy only on a jeweller's paying the trivial
loan which the pawnbroker makes, and I tell
you from him, because that is cheaper than to
go to law to recover the goods. So long as
jewellers thus condone this variety of lar-
ceny, so long as clerks and customers will be
dishonest, for their fence is always open."

WORLDLINGS.

Frank Howard, who wrote "Only a Pansy
Blossom," received an income of more than
\$1,000 from it in a single year. Howard is the
son of an Iowa clergyman and ran away from
home when a boy. He was singing in the
choir of a western city when Milton Barlow,
the musical manager, was attracted by his
voice and put him on the stage.

The people of Wapella, Ill., recently saw the
little town of Midland City, twelve miles distant,
suspended in the clouds. The mirage was so
 vivid that the observers could see a train of cars
approach and leave the Midland Station.

When the little Princess of the Netherlands,
now a mere child, becomes Queen of Holland
she will be one of the wealthiest sovereigns in
Europe. The civil list of Holland is remarkably
large, amounting to \$15,000,000 a year.

Mrs. Lucinda Ruggles died at Dodgeville,
Wis., a few days ago, and she was buried in a
coffin made from a walnut tree which her hus-
band had felled forty years ago and stored away
to make lumber for his own and his wife's
coffins.

Young Burglars in Pietro's Restaurant.

When John Flynn, of 30 Park Row, and
Eugene Green, of 123 West street, eleven-year-
olds, were arrested in the Tombs Police Court
this morning Policemen Murphy said he caught
them during the night walking out of Pietro's
restaurant on Duane street with a demijohn
of whiskey and several gallons of sweet oil,
and they were held for trial. The lock of the
restaurant door had been forced.

HAWKINS'S FATE FORECAST.

THE YOUTHFUL MATRILIN WAS BORN
WITH THE "MURDERER'S MARK."

To Pay the Penalty in Riverhead Jail To-
morrow—Already He Hears His Atkin-
son's Men Hammering at the Cell Door—
Still a Heavy Heart—Food and the Violin
—Spiritual Talk with Father McEllickey.

Francis Asbury Hawkins, the youthful
murderer of his mother, will swing to-morrow
morning in the yard of the jail at Riverhead,
L. I.

It is perhaps a little hard on the young man
that his last few hours of weather should be
of such a damp, cloudy kind. The ceremony
of to-morrow does not prevent him from en-
joying very keenly the creature comforts which
are allowed him.

Yesterday he passed a pleasant day. His
food is served him from the Sheriff's table,
and he disposed of three square meals with
great relish. He has got stouter during his
imprisonment. He is fond of little luxuries,
and occasionally craves oranges, peanuts and
like delicacies.

He smokes a good deal, indulges in an oc-
casional game of poker, or amuses himself
with some music which he has tampered to play
about him.

Hawkins is evidently trying to make a rec-
ord for nerve. He has shown no feeling
since he was imprisoned. The last time his
lady love, Hattie Shreck, visited him she wept
bitterly on bidding him farewell, but Haw-
kins was unmoved. In a note to my good-by
which he wrote to her yesterday he told her
not to attempt to see him again, as it might
unerve him.

His friends were rather shabby and worn
and he was measured for a broadcloth suit a
few days ago that he might have a nobby toilet
for his hanging. The Sheriff asked the tailor
if the young man had betrayed any nervous-
ness during his measurement for the suit.

"Not half as much as I did," said the
tailor.

A month ago Hawkins became a convert to
the Catholic faith. A portion of his time
since then has been given to reading religious
books. Yesterday Father McEllickey visited
him and spent an hour with the con-
demned man in spiritual talk, trying to make
him appreciate his position and to bring him
into a proper frame of mind in regard to it.

His uncle, P. J. Hawkins, and his aunt,
Mrs. Smith, visited him lately. None of his
other relatives have been near him.

Yesterday morning Sheriff Petty informed
him that the Governor had declined to inter-
fere in his case. Any hope that young Haw-
kins had entertained of being pardoned was
dashed to the ground. If he felt any emo-
tion at the news he did not betray it. He
only answered indifferently: "Is that so?"

He took a walk with two other murderers
during the forenoon. Neither of his bloody
handed companions had slaughtered a
man, but he had murdered a woman. He
was the youngest man in the prison.

He has two or three points of resemblance
to Nero, who has such a magnificent record
in the roll of the world's blackguards. He
is very cruel and has a strong liking for
music. He prefers that of a high order to
anything popular.

It is an idle thing to see the young man
who sent three bullets crashing into the skull
of the woman who bore him listening with
rapt attention to the strains of a violin.

His father, Daniel Lyons, who dis-
courses in such a cheerful way about the minutest
details of his approaching execution and
funeral. The young man's mother does not
care to make the scene of to-morrow morn-
ing, in which he is the central figure, the
subject of his remarks.

Deputy Sheriff Adams, Robert Nugent and
Henry Pitts are the death-watch. Sheriff
Adams looking after him during the day
and the other two during the night. Nothing
is allowed to go to the prisoner from the
outside.

During his imprisonment Hawkins has
allowed a beard and mustache to grow, which
detracts a little from his youthful appearance.

Jo Atkinson will speed Hawkins on his way
when the noose of hemp is fitted to his neck
to-morrow morning. The gallows is being
erected to-day in the prison-yard on the
right-hand side of the jail, and it is not
very high, and in order to prevent all but
invited guests from taking in the spectacle, a
framework has been put up on which a
screen of canvas will be hung, and shut out
the hanging from the morbidly curious eyes
of outsiders.

The prisoner has a fine tenor voice. Con-
stantly he has been heard to sing. He has
cultivated the art of singing, and it is, of
course, a supreme obstacle to its cultivation.

It is a strange fact that young Hawkins
should have been marked out for his birth
for the fate which has overtaken him. The
nurse who attended the mother of Hawkins
at her confinement was a superstitious woman
and a great believer in magical charms.

When the condemned man lay in her lap
twenty-three years ago, wrapped in soft flau-
nel, she found on the right cheek of the babe
a birth-mark, the shape of a brown, mole-
like patch. The nurse, and in dismay said
to those about her: "That is a murder-
er's mark. This baby, if he lives, will
make trouble for his family and friends."

Her words have been repeated, and were
often remembered in the Hawkins
family circle.

A Wolf Left at the Church Door.

A two weeks' old little baby, comfortably
dressed, was found in the basement of St.
Michael's Church in Ninth street, Jersey City,
this morning, with the following note pinned
on its dress:

"Dear Sisters: For God's sake care of my
baby. Its father, who is a poor and sick man,
has left it here. His name is Thomas Joseph
and he has had private baptism."

For master Hewitt has the child.

The Honecker Hand Goes Up.

From the Police Court.

All who want the Post-Office hold up their
right hand!

That Tickling

In your throat arises from catarrh, and as catarrh is a
constitutional disease the ordinary cough medicines all
fail to hit the spot. What you need is a constitutional
remedy like Hood's Sarsaparilla, which, by building up
the general health and expelling the acridulous taint
which is the cause of catarrh and consumption, has re-
stored to perfect health many persons on whom those
disease seem to have a firm hold. Many testimonials
prove beyond question that Hood's Sarsaparilla
does positively cure catarrh.

Catarrhal Affection

"For several years I had been troubled with a catarrhal
affection in my throat, and had tried several kinds of
medicines, but could find nothing to help me. My wife
wanted me to try Hood's Sarsaparilla, and I did so, and
I was very much benefited by using it, and would recom-
mend it very highly to any one having asthma or
catarrh." ELIAS F. DEVERIES, firm of Devries & Peter-
son, Omaha, Neb.

Quick Consumption

"I am happy to say that my wife was cured of a very
bad cough and what was called 'quick consumption' by
Hood's Sarsaparilla. She was restored to perfect health,
which she has enjoyed ever since." FRANK OTIS, Bar-
wick, Me.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Prepared only
by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apolthecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 DROPS ONE DOLLAR

FANCIES OF THE HUMORISTS.

PHASES OF MEN AND THINGS SEEN
THROUGH THE WITS' SPECTACLES.

Danger Signal.
(From Times Dispatch.)

Trackman (to tramp)—Sure, you had better get
off the track, the fast mail is due.
Tramp—Say, boss, yer don't tink I'd let it run
over me?
He goosh, it isn't that I fear, but the en-
gineer will take that nose of yours for a red light
and stop the train."

It's Russian, You Know.
(From the Cartoons.)

He—I dropped in to see the Vereshagin col-
lection of paintings on my way uptown.
She—Did you? Oh! take me. When can I
go?
He—I don't understand your enthusiasm.
She—Didn't you say the collection of paintings
was "very shocking?"

The Best Way.
(From the Chicago News.)

"What must we do to attain our goal?" in-
quired the professor of moral philosophy to the
quarter-back of the college eleven.
"Select the right man to kick it, sir," said
the football enthusiast.

A Trust Necessary.
(From Time.)

Customer—You say only one-half cent is made
on this sugar?
Proprietor—Yes.
And it is absolutely pure?
How can you afford it?
Ain't enough profit to pay for the sand."

The Great Paradox.
(From Time.)

American Girl—Oh, Mr. Worth, I have heard
so much of you!
Worth—You flatter me, my child.
American Girl—I am sure you could dress up a
barn to look handsome!
Worth (dubiously)—I don't know about the
dress, but I could give it a coat of paint.

Pleasant for Mamma.
(From the Chicago Tribune.)

Little Johnny (looking curiously at the visitor)
—Where did the chicken bite you, Mr. Billus?
I don't see any of the marks.
Visitor—Why, Johnny, I haven't been bitten
by any chicken.
Johnny—Then, didn't you tell papa, Mr.
Billus was dreadfully henpecked? Why,
mamma, how funny you look! Your face is all
red.

Nutritious Diet.
(From the Burlington Press Press.)

She (examining illustrations in Milton's
Paradise Lost)—What a magnificent majesty looks
that.
What do you suppose he lives on?
He (grimly)—Fried soles.

Deceived.
(From the Cartoons.)

What, married? My Lillian married?
Great heavens, it cannot be so!
And yet here it is in the paper.
And she has a fortune to boot.
A wife, wife, "was only in August."
That leaving her down by the sea.
She swore by the round moon above us,
She would never be faithful to me.
And now she is wed to another.
If my poor eyes can believe:
Oh, false! oh, most faithless of women!
Cruelly true—but I swear 'tis a shame
To think that that innocent maiden
Was all the while doing the same!

PHIL DALY'S ASSAULTS.

Lawyer Howe Says They'll Spend Christ-
mas Behind Prison Bars.

Diamond-decked Willie Howe, legal adviser
to the gambler, Phil Daly, had a close
call for his life in Ella Hammond's flat, at 406
Fourth avenue, just a week ago this after-
noon, said to an EVENING WORLD young man
this morning:

"I am going before the Grand Jury and
have four people, Ed Meredith, Henry
Hermann, Ella Hammond and Addie Stanton
indicted on charges of assault with intent to
kill, and of robbery in the first degree. They
will be arraigned in Part I, Court of General
Sessions, to-morrow morning."

"The trial, I promise you, will be a short
one. I think the quartet will spend Christmas
in Sing Sing."

At the Tombs, Wagon Osborne said that
Hermann was in a cell on the fourth tier of
the old prison, and Meredith, who was taken
to the Tombs this morning, was in a cell on
the second tier. Both men refused to see the
reporter.

The women were to be taken from Jeff-
erson Market prison to the Tombs to-day.

A Woman Found Dead in the Street.

An unknown woman was found unconscious at
the corner of New Chambers and Cherry streets
this morning. She was taken to the Oak street
clinic, where she died. Her body was re-
moved to the Morgue.

REASONS

Why Ayer's Sarsaparilla is
preferable to any other for
the cure of Blood Diseases.

Because no poisonous or deleterious
ingredients enter into the composition
of Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla contains only
the purest and most effective remedial
properties.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla is prepared with
extreme care, skill, and cleanliness.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla is prescribed by
leading physicians.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla is for sale
everywhere, and recommended by all
first-class druggists.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla is a medicine,
and not a beverage in disguise.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla never fails to
effect a cure, when persistently used,
according to directions.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla is a highly con-
centrated extract, and therefore the
most economical Blood Medicine in the
market.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla has had a suc-
cessful career of nearly half a century,
and was never so popular as at present.

Thousands of testimonials are on
file from those benefited by the use of

Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Price, 50 cents per bottle. 60. Worth 60 a bottle.

FEDERATED LABOR'S STAND.

President Gompers Defines Its Position
with Regard to the Knights.

The American Federation of Labor will
begin its convention at St. Louis to-morrow,
and it promises to be a very important meet-
ing to organized labor in particular and the
public in general.

Samuel Gompers, of this city, is President
of the Federation, and is now in St. Louis
attending to business. Before leaving an
EVENING WORLD reporter had a conversation
with Mr. Gompers and propounded a few in-
quiries, which the head of the great trade-
union organization readily answered.

"What is the outlook of organized labor
in this State?" asked the reporter.